



CORADDI

SUMMER 1945



MISS MARIE TILLISON WALL *wearing a
striking white jersey sack dress with
rust and green stamp design from*

MONTALDO'S

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The Murders at the Rue Morgue

Ebbe

BREAKING GROUND

We had been sitting around in the CORADDI office sharpening our pencils and our wits when someone said, "We gotta have a policy."

"Yes, but what'll it be—this policy?" piped up one of our poets from her seat on the waste basket.

"How about 'If you don't understand it, it must be good,'" suggested the Brow perched high up on the filing cabinet.

"Why not something original like 'We aim to please,'" someone volunteered.

"We aim to please," we repeated this novel phrase to ourselves. "That's it!"

The next thing we knew we were scrambling through the office window to poll the campus on what the campus would like to see in CORADDI. In McIVER we found a girl weeping because of the removal of the mural from the wall. Respecting her grief, we asked her subtly, "What would you like to see in CORADDI?"

"More art," she gulped between sobs.

Handing her our clean handkerchief, we hurried on to the CARY office where we had been told we would find the dummy. We had always wondered exactly who this dummy was, and we were not a little disappointed to find a plain, ordinary girl typing in the CARY office. We decided to ask her opinion anyway. "What do I want to see in the CORADDI?" she replied. "More criticism."

We stopped a freshman coming from the Tavern. "I'd like to see more material in the CORADDI," she said. "I have a terrible time pressing my leaves between the pages of your magazine now."

Poking our heads into a jam session, we were answered by, "Accentuate the poetry."

We completed our poll in North Spencer where Timothy, the pressing room mouse, squeaked, "More humor, if you please."

How well we have succeeded in carrying out our policy may be seen by turning the next twenty-odd pages. On the cover Dianne Page, Senior class president, and Lee Sher-

rill, South Spencer's house president, model what the well-dressed college senior will wear May twenty-eighth. They are smiling at the birdie for Bet Bostian.

We can always count on Kossow for a good story, and Irene does it again with "The Valour of Pavol Ivanovitch." When we asked Irene, "Did all that happen to you," Irene assured us that the plot is imaginative although the setting is authentic. Her story takes place in Russia during the first Five Year Plan when Russian factories had been converted from the production of civilian goods to the production of capital goods.

Avis Russell has turned from her preoccupation with "blood and guts" to give us an Irish story in "The Caseys Meet Nobility." Perhaps because Avis is addicted to the wearing of the green herself she has captured that honest-to-goodness Irish flavor. In "Little Yellow Bobby Sox," by Catherine Deck Benson, a sophomore, we find the latest thing in fairy tales.

Janis Williams is rapidly gaining a reputation for her remarkable insight into the minds of children. "Ellie's Saturday," with its skillful portrayal of a child's reaction to death enables us to pass that invisible and oftentimes impregnable barrier that separates us from childhood.

Virginia McKinnon previews a problem we must all face in "Return."

We'd like to call especial attention to our poetry this issue. It seems that poetry comes out with the leaves in the spring. Our poets for this issue include Mildred Rodgers whose handling of color and mood we like, and Martyvonne Dehoney, that fabulous freshman who can write, draw, and throw Turkish tea parties.

If we're not mistaken, we haven't seen cartoons in CORADDI before. Anyone who can remember otherwise can send in a box-top and not less than fifty thousand words proving her point, and she will receive one free CORADDI.

THE VALOUR OF PAVOL IVANOVITCH

By IRENE KOSSOW

The photograph was of three Red Army men crouching in a trench, and the caption under it read simply, "Heroic Defenders of Rostov, Winter of 1942." I was about to turn the page on them when Mother caught my wrist. "Let me see that," she said. The photograph did not impress me as being unusual in any way, but as she looked at it her eyes widened, and her lips began to form words without sound.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Oh, I. . . . It doesn't seem possible. . . . And yet—Katherine, do you see that face?—No. Wait a minute."

"What's the matter?"

She didn't answer, but ran to the chest and brought out our family album. She scurried through the pages, intent and almost frantic in her search.

"What are you looking for?"

"Wait. You see that soldier—no, the one in the middle. Look at him. Of whom does he remind you?"

The soldier was a fair, hollow-cheeked Russian, and he reminded me only of other hollow-cheeked soldiers I had seen in other *Pictorial Highlights of the War*.

"Oh, no! No!" my mother exclaimed. "Here he is. Now I'm sure it is he. Now you see it?"

She had opened the album to its oldest section, and there, on the page opposite a lady in whalebone and starched lace (my great-aunt Anastasia Petrovovna as she was presented at court) stood Pavol Ivanovitch. He had been photographed against a backdrop of turbulent waves, looking very proud and self-conscious in a new sailor suit. In a sailor suit—the regalia of the Red Merchant Fleet . . . not the Red Army . . . not in a trench. . .

"You mean he's our. . ."

My mother nodded, and I could see her throat constricting, could feel her fighting against an upsurge of remembrance.

"But, darling, so many men look like that. . . . And after twenty years, just a picture. . ."

"Never mind, it is he. I would know him after a hundred years, among a hundred thousand men." Her voice shook a little, and I was afraid she would begin to cry. "Poor Pavol. Do you remember him still? The presents he used to bring you; how sweet he was to you. . ."

"Yes, I remember. To me and to Anna Andrejevna."

"Oh! But you shouldn't. . . . You must understand, it wasn't his fault—it was circumstances. He was a brave boy, in his own way, quite brave. But to do something against his principles. . ."

"His principles?"

"All right, the principles of his government—was to him something low and treacherous. . ."

"And now he is one of the heroic defenders of humanity."

"He is, Katherine," my mother said, "I am sure he is."

I looked at the Red Army man, at his intent, hunched shoulders, the ridges in his cheeks; but in my mind there was the other Pavol, and I remembered the days when he had worn that sailor suit, and we had all lived together in Odessa, in a tenement called Prochozovskaya Ulitsa 84.

We were among the luckiest people in Odessa, because we had a two-room apartment at a time when large families lived in one room, and many people spent their nights in corridors and public waiting halls. For thousands of peasants in search of work had migrated to Odessa—and they had all found jobs in her expanding factories and her docks. But our ancient city could not provide them all with living quarters, and caused tremendous suffering.

Our two-room apartment, with the luxurious privacy it afforded, was the acknowledged suite of the neighborhood. My mother was permitted



"Cask of the Amontillado."—H. Atkin.

to occupy it by virtue of my father's post as commissar, and possibly, my uncle's service in the Red Fleet strengthened her claim on it. Actually, my father spent nearly all his time abroad, and Pavol came to Odessa only on occasional leaves. But the authorities were considerate of our status. They renewed our permit to keep the apartment regularly, and without question.

Though Prochozovskaya Ulitza 84 must have crumbled long ago, our apartment remains clear and whole in my mind. To us, its comforts were beyond price or comparison. Our dining room was a home in itself. We had a great porcelain stove in one corner; a kerosene burner in another; while in the middle of the table, resplendent on a white cloth, stood our samovar.* The other room, which served as my bedroom, was equally admirable. In fact, it was all perfect; except that the ceiling leaked; and the bathroom, used collectively by the tenants, was a shack out in the yard. It was rather inconvenient, because one had to go down four flights of stairs and through several alley-ways to reach it, and in the winter time one was likely to get cold waiting in line for it; but one didn't complain. I remember once while waiting in line, I had begun to whimper, and Pavol had reprimanded me as a foolish child, and asked what was more important to build now, pink tiles for bathrooms, or factories for farm implements? And I had felt rather ashamed after that.

Pavol was the only grown-up person who could make me feel ashamed, because I bore great admiration for Pavol, and because I loved him. I loved him far more than my father—who was a personage, to be sure, and to whom we owed the apartment—but who was in reality a stranger to me. So the most joyous days were those when Pavol landed in Odessa after some distant voyage, and came to live with us.

We never knew when he would arrive. He would simply breeze into the dining room, and hoist me on his shoulders 'til I squealed in delight. "I'm dying! I'm dying!" I would scream, "Let me down, and show me my presents!"

"What presents?"

"My presents. What you brought me from Paris and the Arabs."

"You are crazy."

"You are crazy. Where are they? What's that in your pockets?"

"Nu, that's for my sweetheart."

"I am your sweetheart!" I would then announce triumphantly, and at that point Pavol never failed to succumb.

He would bring forth his gifts, watch me as I'd unwrap them, and weave such tales about them, that they became to me like treasures of Aladdin. Among them was that curious beaded purse from the Persian princess—Pavol's reward for having rescued her at sea. There was a silk handkerchief, not to be used for the nose, that my uncle had stolen from a band of Chinese rob-

bers. And finally, there was a little bottle of evil-smelling rosy liquid. You stroked it on your nails with a brush to make them look unnaturally pink and shiny.

"Is that a gift from the Persian princess too?" I asked my uncle.

"No, that is a secret cosmetic. All the fancy ladies in Paris paint their fingers with it."

"Why can't Soviet ladies do that?"

"Because Soviet ladies work. They are not parasites."

"Oh. . . Then it's a foreign luxury! Wait 'til I show it to my girl-friend Nina."

"No, don't do that."

"Why not?"

"I told you why not. Don't exhibit. Don't show any of it."

"Ach, Pavol, just because it's bourgeois?"

"Nu, have it your own way—because it's bourgeois, and because we have to be careful."

"Because my grandfather was a pameshchik?* And he lived in a tall gray castle and. . ."

"Because my beloved father was an exploiter who never lifted a finger except to beat his servants. Listen, Katrinka, forget about him, will you? Or maybe you are proud of him?"

"Oh, no! He was an exploiter, a pameshchik, and against the government. But we're for the government, so why can't I show the evil-smelling paint to Nina?"

Pavol said, "Because you will promise me not to." Then he took me on his lap, and asked me how I was getting along in school, and whether I ever contradicted my teacher anymore. And I told him, no, I was being very quiet and obedient to the teacher, just as I'd promised him. He seemed pleased, and he said surely some day I'd be a real Soviet woman and a useful individual. But meanwhile, how would I like to go for a sleigh ride on the square?

I jumped up. Quickly I fetched my boots and my sled while he bundled me up in many shawls. And then we were outside, and Pavol was tramping through the snow, pulling me on the sled, fast—like a pony. At every crossing he would turn around and shout, "Everything fine?" And I would shout back, "Prekrasno!"* How wonderful indeed to have an uncle like Pavol, an uncle who was not old like other grown-ups, but strong, and gay, and from the sea!

It was not long after one of Pavol's visits that Madame Sokolova came to stay with us. Her presence hardly changed our lives. Mother simply brought her in one day, put her trunk in my bedroom, and introduced us. "Anna Andreyevna, this is my daughter Katrinka. She will be glad for you to use her room." Madame Sokolova smiled at me a little, and stroked my head as if I were sick. She said I was a sweet child and God would repay me. Of course, I knew better. Madame Sokolova probably thought I was younger than I was, and hadn't learned anything in school; but I was nice to her anyway. Mama had

* Land owner.

* Wonderful.

* Metal tea urn.

instructed me in advance that I was to be kind to Anna Andreyevna, as she would be our guest, and guests must always be served first at the table, and not be asked unnecessary questions.

I felt no resentment at Madame Sokolov's presence. I did not even mind yielding my bed to her, because it was fun to sleep with Mama in the dining room. But I wondered sometimes how anyone could be such an old fogey, just wanting to sit still and crochet all day long. I once asked Madame Sokolov what it was that she was making.

She said, "Lace."

"What for?"

"Because it's beautiful."

"But what's it for?"

"Nothing—just. . ." she let her hands fall in her lap. "Would you like it, Katrinka? It'll make a pretty veil—when you become a bride."

"Only I'm going to be an inventor," I told her.

"Oh." She smiled. She probably thought I was fooling, but I did not mind. She was always nice to me; she spoke so softly, she was so fine and thin and ate so little, and hopped so queerly when she walked—she reminded me of the sparrows on the square, except that they weren't wrinkled.

However, I was convinced Anna Andreyevna was not a sparrow. Several clues had led me to the conclusion that she was nothing less than a personage. Why else had she no bread card? Why did she never go out? Why did she make useless lace when other women, even old women like her, went to work in factories?

I asked my mother. "You are a stupid child," my mother replied. "Can't you see Anna Andreyevna is a very sick lady? She needs rest, and where in all of Odessa can she get it but here?"

"Is she going to stay with us always, and not ever go to work?"

"Why? Do you modern children kick out your grandmothers when they are too old for the factory?"

"Well, why doesn't she have a bread card?"

"She lost it."

"Ach, Mama," I said. "You can't fool me. But I won't tell anybody. I like Anna Andreyevna. I wish she really were my grandmother."

Yet, even for an old grandmother, Anna Andreyevna was rather queer. She always retired when we had company, and she talked very little, as if it were a great effort for her to say a few words. But after hours in her room, I would forget her queerness. I longed to show someone the beautiful things Pavol had brought me—things I had promised not to exhibit to my friends, who were workers' children, and who would call them "foreign luxuries." Now Anna Andreyevna could admire them. She would listen attentively to the tales that enhanced them; and sometimes she would tell me of things she had had long ago, and of her great house, which must have been much like the house of my old grandfather who had been a pameshchik and an exploiter of the people.

All in all, I was sorry for Anna Andreyevna.

She was bourgeois—so bourgeois that she didn't even try to become a good citizen, or at least pretend to like the government. Once I tried to explain to her the history Pavol had explained to me. "It is not nice to talk about the olden times," I began. "They were very bad. Pavol says they were times when our whole country was divided into masters and slaves. . ."

"You are much attached to your uncle."

"Oh, yes. He is a seaman in the Soviet Merchant Fleet. He is out on the ocean now. He loves the ocean, because he is so brave and adventurous. And so gay! He's forever laughing and joking with us. You never see him sad. . ."

"Never sad?" Anna Andreyevna raised her eyes. "That's strange."

"Well, he does get *angry* sometimes. One day he was very angry, because I told his friend that my father is a very important commissar, and that he lives in foreign countries and eats cherries in the winter time. Ach, he was so angry he wouldn't give me a single present. And another time he cursed my mother. He said she had the brains of a chicken, and someday she would drag us all down to damnation! He said. . ."

"Katrinka, please," Anna Andreyevna cut in, "don't. . . Would he like you to tell me about it, do you suppose?"

I considered. "Maybe not. But it's nothing. All seamen like to yell and curse that way. He won't curse you though, Anna Andreyevna; don't worry."

"No, I won't. I am too old to worry for myself."

"Oh, just wait 'til you see Pavol! He is bold and strong. He can lift me as if I were a kitten; could lift you too—easily. You will love him, surely. Only, when you meet him, Anna Andreyevna, you must not talk to him about conscience, or the olden times. . ."

As it turned out, however, Anna Andreyevna never met my uncle face to face. And yet, I have always thought that she did come to know him rather well.

Anna Andreyevna had been with us for several months when Pavol arrived one winter evening, jolly, and ruddy with the cold. He kissed us briskly; threw his cap in the air; and rubbing his hands, he roared, "Beloved soil, beloved family, beloved samovar, how good to see you again! Mama prepared tea with rum and strawberry preserves, and everything was perfect until Pavol decided to go to bed and Mama had to tell him the room was occupied."

"We have a guest, Pavol," she said.

"Who?"

"Anna Andreyevna. You may. . ."

"Anna An. . . Not Sokolov's widow?"

"Widow! Why do you say widow?"

"Fenya—what is she doing here?"

"So he is dead. . . We weren't sure. They'd arrested him, but there was no word. so. . ."

"Listen, why is that woman here? Look at me, Fenya. You don't know what you're doing."

(Continued on page 16)

LITTLE YELLOW BOBBY SOCKS

By CATHERINE DECK BENSON

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Little Yellow Bobby Socks who lived with her roommate and her counselor and one hundred and forty-two other girls in a big brick building way over on the far side of the WC campus. She was a nice little girl and worked very hard at her studies because she wanted to make good grades.

One day, her roommate, who was a wise sophomore instead of an innocent freshman, said, "Come here, Little Yellow Bobby Socks. Here are my lab notes. I want you to take them over to Bright Brass Bobby Pins, who lives at the far end of the quadrangle. She is very tired because she has been studying very hard, and unless she has them to copy, she will be so exhausted that she won't be able to go to the Victory tonight with Sgt. Silver Wings. Run quickly, for she will be waiting on the front steps. You will recognize her because her hair will be up in a kerchief and she has on her brother's field jacket."

"I will do just as you say," Little Yellow Bobby Socks promised her roommate, and off she went.

Now Winfield Hall, which was where Bright Brass Bobby Pins lived, was all the way across the campus, and when Little Yellow Bobby Socks was only halfway there, she met Lt. Tailspin from ORD.

"Hello, Little Yellow Bobby Socks," said Lt. Tailspin.

"Hello, Lieutenant," she answered, stopping a minute.

"Where are you going, Little Yellow Bobby Socks?"

"To take Bright Brass Bobby Pins these lab notes."

"And where does Bright Brass Bobby Pins live?"

"Right down at the far end of the quadrangle."

The lieutenant was thinking, "What a wonderful date Little Yellow Bobby Socks will make! But if Bright Brass Bobby Pins is clever enough to copy other people's work, I know she would make a good date too. I must get to her before Little Yellow Bobby Socks sends her in to copy the notes. I must move fast and date them both." Then aloud, "Little Yellow Bobby Socks, isn't that someone calling you from third floor Hinshaw? I think you'd better run up and see."

While Little Yellow Bobby Socks ran up to see if someone had called her from third floor Hinshaw, the lieutenant went down to where Bright Brass Bobby Pins was waiting in front of Winfield.

"Hello, Bright Brass Bobby Pins," he said.

But Bright Brass Bobby Pins didn't answer because she was a senior and didn't like pick-ups. "I'm a friend of Little Yellow Bobby Socks," he added.

Then Bright Brass Bobby Pins talked to him, and before she realized it, he had snatched up

all her free evenings from then until Saturday. Lt. Tailspin grabbed off her kerchief next, and sent her upstairs to comb out her pin curls so he could see how pretty she really was. Just then, he saw Little Yellow Bobby Socks coming down the quadrangle. He put Bright Brass Bobby Pins' kerchief over his head and tied it under his chin, and then he looked like Bright Brass Bobby Pins because he was wearing a field jacket too.

"Hello, Bright Brass Bobby Pins," said Little Yellow Bobby Socks. "Here are the lab notes for you to copy."

"Thank you," cried Lt. Tailspin in a high, squeaky voice.

"Why Bright Brass Bobby Pins, how funny you sound."

"It's because I've had to make so many speeches in class lately."

"And how dark your eyes are!"

"It's because of the bad light I must study by."

"And Bright Brass Bobby Pins, your lipstick's all off!"

"So I won't smear it on you when I kiss you,"

Lt. Tailspin cried, snatching Bright Brass Bobby Pins' kerchief from his head and leering at Little Yellow Bobby Socks.

But just then, Sgt. Silver Wings came up, for he was always early when he had a date with Bright Brass Bobby Pins, and he grabbed innocent Little Yellow Bobby Socks right out of the lieutenant's arms. Bright Brass Bobby Pins opened the door at that moment, for she had been watching from the parlor window and saw what happened. She snatched back her kerchief, and together, Bright Brass Bobby Pins and Sgt. Silver Wings and Little Yellow Bobby Socks chased Lt. Tailspin from the WC campus.



Wilkins Meier has me further puzzled. I think he's taking his studies too seriously.

--Nancy Bowers.

ELLIE'S SATURDAY

By JANIS WILLIAMS

"I can't tie my sash straight, Mama." Ellie turned her back to Mrs. Buckner.

"Stand still, Ellie. You're as slippery as an eel."

"I'm trying, Mama. How long does a ball game last?"

"Oh, about two hours. Now, if you get tired, don't fuss. You know how Uncle Joe likes his ball games and you wouldn't want to spoil it for him. There—your sash is done. Now don't get your dress mussed before you leave."

Ellie bounced away, ran down the back stairs and around to the front porch. The second step looked the cleanest. She pulled the back of her skirt tight so she wouldn't wrinkle it and sat primly down with her patent leather toes pointed inward.

Ellie had wished hard on the first star last night that this Saturday would be pretty. And her wish had come true. There was only one still cloud which half showed behind the round China berry tree. Ellie polished the snub toe of her Mary Jane shoe with her slip and wriggled happily. At first she hadn't liked Mrs. McMurray's boarding house. She and Mama had always lived in an apartment until they came to Elm City. She didn't think Mrs. Mac liked children much. She never laughed and she never spoke to Ellie. Mrs. Mac's hair wasn't grey like Uncle Joe's but dark and pulled back hard from her face. But Mr. Mac was different. He made Ellie call him Uncle Joe. And after supper, when all the boarders gathered on the darkening porch, Uncle Joe would sit besides her on the swing and talk with her as if she were grown and not just seven years old.

Uncle Joe mostly talked about baseball. One night he'd told her about the time he cheered so hard that his lower plate dropped through the bleachers and all the peanut boys helped him hunt for it during the seventh inning. And this afternoon Uncle Joe was taking her to the ball game.

It seemed that Ellie had been waiting all day before she finally saw Uncle Joe on the walkway. He trailed smoke from a black cigar as usual, but he was walking slower than he usually walked.

"Hey, Uncle Joe, here I am. I'll be ready as soon as I tell Mama good-bye." Ellie ran across the porch and slammed the screen before she remembered that the sound annoyed Mrs. Mac. While Mama was running a brush over her hair, Ellie heard the screen bang again. Uncle Joe was in the house. They'd be leaving any minute.

"My hair looks all right, Mama. Uncle Joe will be waiting."

"Aren't you going to kiss me good-bye, darling?"

Ellie ran back and almost touched her mother's cheek with puckered lips. As she ran down the

stairs, she heard Mama laugh and call, "Calm down, Ellie, and do everything Uncle Joe says."

Uncle Joe wasn't in the hall. Ellie went into the dim parlor and sat on the slippery leather sofa. She couldn't be still, not when she would be in a hot ball park eating peanuts and watching Uncle Joe's plate in half an hour. Ellie knew that it must be a lot of trouble to look for teeth under the bleachers, but if they *did* fly out again—well, she hoped it would be today.

Why didn't Uncle Joe come on? She'd been waiting years in that dark parlor. She started up at footsteps in the hall, but it was just Mrs. Mac looking grimmer than ever and hurrying to the telephone.

"Is Uncle Joe about ready, Mrs. Mac? I've been waiting just ages."

Mrs. Mac didn't look at Ellie. She just dialed a number and waited. Ellie felt uncomfortable. Mrs. Mac was always stern looking but it was different now. She hadn't even heard Ellie ask about Uncle Joe and she looked a little bit—well, afraid.

Then Mrs. Mac spoke into the 'phone. "Dr. Bertram? This is Mrs. Joe MacMurray. Joe has had one of his heart attacks. Can you come over? Yes, I've given it to him. Yes—I will. Thank you, Dr. Bertram."

Mrs. Mac hung up the receiver gently. As she rose slowly, she seemed to realize that Ellie stood before her. Ellie inquired up into Mrs. Mac's architecturally constructed face.

"Will Uncle Joe be well enough to go to the ball game?"

Mrs. Mac laid her hand on Ellie's hair. "No, Ellie. I'm afraid you'll have to wait until next week," she said and turned slowly away.

Ellie stood by the telephone table puzzled. Mrs. Mac had never before spoken gently to her. Maybe she was sorry because Ellie couldn't go to the ball game with Uncle Joe. The ball game—she'd made plans for that game all week. Tears stung Ellie's eyelids. 'Lisbeth Ann, Ellie's best friend, had been jealous because she'd never seen a baseball game and Ellie would see one first. Now 'Lisbeth Ann would know that Ellie had stayed home. And Buzz had asked Ellie to remember everything to tell him since Buzz had spent all his allowance and had to miss this Saturday's game. Ellie yielded to self-pity and ran sobbing aloud to her mother.

Half an hour later, Mama had bathed Ellie's swollen eyes with a cold, wet cloth and had gone to see if she could help Mrs. Mac. The doctor's dusty coupe was parked in the drive where Ellie could see it from the porch steps. 'Lisbeth Ann was balanced one step up.

"Well, Ellie, I never have seen a baseball game, and I'm not sitting around like an old lemon.

Come on and play hide 'n' seek. Buzz can't play long. He's gotta mow the back yard. Come on, Ellie."

'Lisbeth Ann was "it." Buzz ran around to the Lomax's back porch, but Ellie knew that 'Lisbeth Ann would look there first of all. Maybe if she hid near the base, 'Lisbeth Ann wouldn't think to look so close. She ducked behind the evergreen beside the Mac house just as 'Lisbeth Ann hollered, "Ready or not, here I come!"

The spruce pricked at Ellie's face and she turned her head toward the low window before which she stood. Why, that was Uncle Joe's room. There was the doctor with Mrs. Mac beside the bed. And Uncle Joe under a sheet. Uncle Joe didn't look sick. His brown face was as firm as ever; and the laugh wrinkles were still etched around his eyes. Maybe she should call to Uncle Joe and tell him to hurry and get well before next Saturday.

But somehow Ellie couldn't speak. She could hear 'Lisbeth Ann hunting Buzz and her in the garage and behind the Mac shrubbery would be the next place. She should run for the base while 'Lisbeth Ann's back was turned. But the doctor and Mrs. Mac were so still that they'd be sure to hear the rustle of the spruce grown brittle with August heat. Ellie wished that Mrs. Mac would move, and she wanted Uncle Joe to speak. She never had seen him so still. If his eyes weren't open, she'd think he was asleep. Uncle Joe half rose as if to speak and the tightness in Ellie's throat thickened. But Uncle Joe slowly relaxed back onto his pillow without a word. Something was wrong. Maybe Uncle Joe was really sick—so sick that he wouldn't be up even by next Saturday.

The doctor took his hand off Uncle Joe's wrist and his voice was loud in the summer afternoon, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Mac, but I did all I could." He walked from the room and left Mrs. Mac leaning against the foot of the bed, still and expressionless. Ellie's throat closed upon itself.

"One, two, three on you!" 'Lisbeth Ann's shrill voice came through the break in the shrubs and drew Ellie slowly away from the window. 'Lisbeth Ann had run back to the base and was dancing around shouting, "Ellie's it! Come on out, Buzz, Ellie's it. Where are you going, Ellie? You're 'it.' Come on back, Ellie. Ellie!"

Ellie dragged her feet over the grass to the front walk and sat on the steps. The doctor was backing out of the driveway and into the street. What had he meant when he spoke to Mrs. Mac? Had he meant that Uncle Joe was dead and Ellie had seen him die? Ellie had to know. She slipped through the dark parlor and into the hall. Mama was going up the stairs and she stopped at Ellie's urgent whisper. "Mama, what's the matter with Uncle Joe?"

Mama looked funny and didn't answer for a long time. Then she turned and came to the foot of the stairs. Ellie waited, eyes wide.

"Uncle Joe is dead, Ellie."

The two of them walked quietly up to their

room. Ellie switched on the light in the roomy closet and began to dress Paulette, her largest doll. Paulette seemed stiff and lifeless.

"Mama."

"Yes, dear."

"I saw Uncle Joe die."

"Ellie!" Mama looked white and her hand shook as she placed her cigarette in a large crystal ash-tray.

"What makes you say that, Ellie?"

"I was hiding behind the shrubs from 'Lisbeth Ann and I saw him sit up in bed and—and he died."

Mama picked up her cigarette and carefully flicked away the ash. "You must be mistaken, Ellie. Don't think about it and don't say that again."

"But, Mama—"

"Let's walk up to the corner for an ice cream cone, Ellie."

The ice cream cone wasn't very good. Mama kept talking, and when Ellie had tried to say something about Uncle Joe, Mama had changed the subject. Ellie wondered why. Nobody had ever told her it was wrong to see someone die. She wished she could tell Mama about it. All the way home Ellie wanted to tell somebody.

'Lisbeth Ann called to Ellie from next door as they turned into the Mac walk.

"I'm going over to 'Lisbeth Ann's, Mama, I'll be home soon."

'Lisbeth Ann was pumping vigorously back and forth in a porch rocker, her eyes wide with excitement. She braked herself with her bare feet and put her face close to Ellie's.

"Did you know that Uncle Joe died? He died right in your house, Ellie, and mother has gone over to help stay with Mrs. Mac."

'Lisbeth Ann was breathing hard and she spoke in an excited hush. Ellie suddenly felt relieved. Here was somebody she could tell. 'Lisbeth Ann always listened to Ellie.

"Of course, I know it 'Lisbeth. I know something else, too."

'Lisbeth Ann edged closer at the confidential tone, and Ellie lowered her voice even further.

"Promise not to tell. Mama would be awfully mad."

At 'Lisbeth's frenzied nods, Ellie continued, "I saw Uncle Joe die through the window with my own eyes."

The effect on 'Lisbeth Ann should have been satisfactory. Ellie watched her draw a breath and let it out slowly.

"Ellie Buckner! Did you really—cross your heart?"

"Cross my heart!"

"Well, how did he look? Did his eyes roll back in his head and did he grab his throat? My Ellie, weren't you scared to death?"

"Of course not." Ellie was angry. 'Lisbeth Ann had no business asking those questions about Uncle Joe. She was silly, too. Ellie thought of Uncle Joe's eyes and ran quickly over to the Mac

(Continued on page 17)

day in the slow dying west
 with the smoke-tossed, flood-washed
 haze
 of life and death lost
 to gain mountain tops of blue-white crests
 so wispy edged by distance

lost we not a thousand years
 in the cold tops of mountains
 why turn ever to the west for hope it is not there
 the morning sun
 curling warm the cool air of night and early dawn
 east is our desire
 and up to the sky
 not back into dead days of history reaching for
 the west

MILDRED RODGERS.

Burdened by the rain
 I walk
 In harsh oppressive silence.
 Cold gray disillusionment
 Dulls
 The lonely whistle
 Of a train in torment,
 The splatter of dirty rubber tires
 On wet pavement.
 I snatch at scattered thoughts
 To find which one
 Has brought me discontent.

MILDRED RODGERS.

At noon
 There were no shadows—
 Clear the patterns of the buildings
 White the sidewalks.
 Soft heat was reassuring.
 The sunlight laughed on gay cloud billows.

Now toward sunset
 Shadows creep, stretch, reach
 With frightening evil fingers.
 Shadows are much too
 Irrevocable.

MILDRED RODGERS.

MONOLOGUE

Come right in! An' set down in that rockin' chair
 That's standin' by the fire. How's Jim?
 Well, ma'am, it's been quite a little spell
 Since me an' Tom have heard from him.
 He's our only boy, you know; an' last I heard
 He was in Guam. That old dog there,
 "Old Tex," is his. He's been actin' kind of queer
 Today. Instead of lyin' in his chair
 All quiet-like, he sort of listens all the time,
 Like he used to when Jim was comin' home.
 See how he's tremblin', moanin', like?
 Maybe he's thinkin' Jim 'ull come!
 When Jim 'ud whistle, he'd jump up an' run—
 Just like he's doin' now. Tex, down!
 That dog is actin' like a fool today.
 I swan, but I think Jim's in town!
 Look now; he's jumpin' to'ard the door
 An' cryin' for Jim to pat his head.
 Just so he used to do when Jimmy called.
 Look out! My land—Old Tex is dead.

—MELICENT HUNEYCUTT.

MEETING

like sifflless sand
 the fog about my eyes
 presses lightly
 my cheeks receive
 a moist kiss
 as it blows by
 clinging softly
 loath to part
 my company.
 from the void
 grey, phantom-like
 your appear to keep
 our tryst.
 and as the clinging fog
 so together we sway
 in the night.

MARTYVONNE DEHONEY.

A fresh new stamp
 Has possibilities;
 Its face unscarred,
 Its glue unmarred
 By tongue
 Or moistened roller;
 It goes where I
 Can never hope to see
 A native postman
 Sorting letters
 In the rain.

MARGARET MUNRO.

THE CASEYS MEET NOBILITY

By AVIS RUSSELL

The family had been hard hit when Tally had been killed by the car; Kathy had cried for days and Tommy had lost all interest in everything. Mr. Casey had sworn violently and muttered something about hit-and-run drivers and lawsuits—and Mrs. Casey had declared that no more dogs would be brought into the house—not even little Scottie dogs like Tally.

Her edict held for several weeks, and then the signs of weaknesses began to show. Mr. Casey began reading ads entitled "Dogs for Sale" and Tommy and Kathy showed unmistakable signs of interest whenever someone mentioned pups. Inside, they all knew that there would be another dog for them—the Casey household had known, among other things, a procession of dogs through the years; the house was never long divorced from the sounds of yelpings and Tommy's "Sic 'em boy!" Even the neighbors knew it—that the Caseys were not the Caseys without, among the smells of Irish dishes and Irish whiskies and other Irish goings-on, the smell of a dog—Irish or not.

So no one was really very surprised when, that day in April, Mr. Casey came up the walk to the long, low, red-brick house with a suspicious bulge in his overcoat pocket and a little black head protruding curiously from the pocket-flap. Kathy squealed delightedly when he entered the door and there ensued a race between her and Tommy as to who should first claim the dog. Mrs. Casey tried—without success—to frown, but Mr. Casey just grinned.

"He's a thoroughbred, Mommie," he said proudly. "A real German shepherd." He rescued the pup from the happy mauling of the two children. "Just look at him! Isn't he a fine dog?"

Tommy and Kathy had seized upon his words.

"Yuh mean a thoroughbred, Pop? A REAL one?" Tommy demanded incredulously. His intention was clear: every dog in the block would be eclipsed by this canine nobleman.

"Now isn't that what I told you?" Pop said. He pulled a paper from his pocket. "Here it is—the papers and everything. He's a full-blooded German shepherd."

At once an argument began as to what the pup should be named. The paper said "King Tut," but that was much too pretentious a name for the Caseys. They battled back and forth and finally decided on Pat, which was neither too high-sounding nor too common a name for a dog such as theirs.

And so Pat became a member of the Casey household. He was petted by everyone, and developed an amazing attachment to Mrs. Casey, following her from room to room and settling down comfortably at her feet whenever she chose to sit, or flopping down across the doorsill and

panting patiently whenever she remained in the kitchen. Pat met with the full approval of all members of the family. Mr. Casey never tired of pointing out the obvious marks of his good breeding and Tommy and Kathy played with him constantly. And besides Pat fitted into the scheme of things. He grew at what was, at first, an alarming rate. He was big and black and comfortable—a lazy dog, one that took things—everything—with a canine grain of salt. All in all, it was a happy combination.

But the Caseys became increasingly aware of a breach between themselves and Pat. After all, Pat was nobility. He had an imposing official name, and papers, and a distinguished parentage, and, briefly, they soon found it veritably impossible to relax with him. This was particularly true with Mr. Casey and the two children. Mom paid little attention to it at first, but finally even she became aware of Pat's superior position.

The Caseys tried valiantly to leap this new and thoroughly unfamiliar hurdle. They rationalized at length—why, Pat didn't care about such things—he was a liberal, just as they were. And he could take his liquor as well as any of the rest of them, considering the fact that he was a dog and could consume only a relatively small proportion. He was easy-going—but that too fitted into the tempo of things in the Casey house—

(Continued on page 17)



BUT HE NEVER GREW WISDOM TEETH.

Martynne Dehoney.

RETURN

By VIRGINIA MCKINNON

There on the table are two boxes. One holds the Air Medal; the other, the Distinguished Flying Cross. On the piano top sit two model airplanes—a Flying Fortress and a Liberator. They are foreign elements among the chintz-covered chair and the "Baby Stuart" and the *Mrs. Brown-ing's Complete Poetical Works*. They speak of a soldier's return.

He came whistling up the walk one night last spring. We weren't surprised, Mother and I, that he came at night. He always came home when ours was the only light in the block, and the streets were dark and vacant. He would open the door quietly, turn off the front hall light, and walk softly past Grandpa's door and up the stairs. But that night he had to knock on the glass and wait for Mother to unlock the door. Then we were in his arms; and Mother was saying, "Hank, Hank—you're home."

Grandpa came stomping into the hall, "What in the Sam Hill is going on?" He had a flashlight in one hand and his cane in the other.

"Hank has come home," Mother said loudly and slowly.

"Don't shout, Susan; I can hear you."

Hank held out his hand, "How're you getting along, Grandpa?"

"I'm a sick man; my ankles are giving me trouble. How'd you get here?"

"On the train."

"Was there a jitney at the station? What're you doing with so many valises? What time is it? I'd just got off to sleep. Go on to bed, Susan. Talking's for the daytime."

Mother went upstairs with Hank to fix the bed. I was going, too, and help; but Grandpa called, "Susan, Susan! Come find my stick. It's so tar-nation dark in this hall. Why don't you get a light that's worth something?" Mother told me to go down and help him.

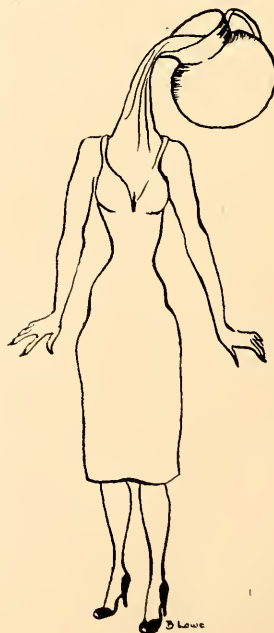
I never knew whether or not Hank read her letter that first night. It had come a week ago with the APO address marked over and the forwarding address written in pencil. I knew what was in it. The kids at school call them "Dear John" letters. I had seen her ride by in the blue convertible, laughing with the boy at the wheel. And I had seen the KA pin she wore low on her sweater. I wanted to snatch it off and scream, "You're Hank's girl, and he loves you, and he's overseas, and it isn't right for you to get engaged to somebody else." But I didn't. I just stopped sending Hank the high school paper with its silly "Kampus Kat."

He never said anything at all about the letter or her either. I don't suppose he had much time to think about her anyway. There was always something for him to do. The Civitans and Rotarians had a joint supper meeting and asked

Hank to talk. Then the Math Club invited him to speak on "Navigation" for the monthly meeting. Miss Johns made a talk about how proud she was that one of her former students had done so well in the practical field of mathematics. That was sort of funny since Hank hadn't made but C on math in high school and hadn't even been invited to join the Math Club. He showed the members his driftmeter and his sextant and his compasses and his maps and his watches. There was a Bulova that was set on springs in a steel case; it's so delicate it varies only a second a month. He figured out on the blackboard how long it would take to get from the school house to the square in an airplane if we knew the wind velocity and the drift. I didn't understand it any better than the rest of the kids, but I felt awfully important being his sister.

The Astoria Club asked him to speak too. He didn't want to, but Mother said, "Hank, I've already told Mrs. Spruill that you'd come. Richard Corby came to one of our meetings when he was home on leave. He made the nicest talk about New Guinea. He had a Japanese gas mask, some money, and a part of a Zero that he showed us."

"Well, Mamma, it looks like that would be



enough returned hero for a while. Anyway, I don't have any souvenirs."

"But you do, Hank. You've got your medals and some English money and that little German bomber model. Besides, I should think you'd feel obligated to come. After all, you know the English, and it's your duty to help us on the home front know our allies better."

"All right, I'll go. But I didn't know I had to pay interest on my debt to society. And, Mamma—please. That 'little German bomber model' is a Focke-Wulf, a *fighter plane*."

So he went to the Astoria Club meeting and made a talk about the Thames and the thatched houses. Miss Crane, the English teacher, was disappointed though because he hadn't been to Stratford on Avon; and Mrs. Thompson didn't look very pleased when he didn't know how many rooms Buckingham Palace has.

There was one Sunday while he was home, and we all went to church. Hank looked wonderful in his trim little battle jacket. Mother made him wear it. "It fits so well," she said. "But why shouldn't it? It was tailored on Bond Street."

After the service, everybody came over to speak to him—Mr. Mangum, the Sunday School Superintendent; Miss Jacobs, the choir director; Mrs. Donovan, the preacher's wife; and some of the circle leaders; and a few of the deacons and their wives. It was just like joining the church, when everybody comes up to shake hands.

Hank said something funny when we were eating dinner. "I wish I hadn't gone to church today. All those people. I didn't even know who some of them were. People look at me like I'm something out of a circus."

Mother didn't say a word.

It was too quiet, and I turned on the radio. Ed Murrow was saying, "The American bombers—" Grandpa stopped eating. "What did you turn that thing on for? It makes me nervous."

Mother reached over and turned it off. Then she looked at Hank's plate. "You didn't even eat half of your steak, and I got it especially because I thought you liked it. It's sinful to waste food. All those poor people in occupied countries that don't even have bread."

Hank blushed.

That afternoon little Billy Beaman came up to the house. He brought his model airplanes to show Hank. He had a Lockheed, a Spitfire, and a Mustang. They were made out of balsam wood and tissue paper, and they were pretty good for an eight-year old. Hank took him upstairs to his room, and they came back with Hank's hard rubber models. They sat out on the back steps, and Hank showed Billy how a Spitfire can do a snap roll and where the bombardier sits in a B-17. They stayed out there long after I had finished the dishes. Mother was peeved because she had planned for Hank to go to the cemetery with her to put flowers on Daddy's grave. Grandpa kept going to the back door and asking Billy if his mother knew where he was. Hank gave Billy his

Focke-Wulf. That's why there are just two planes on the piano.

Monday was Hank's last night. His train left at 11:30, and Matt Williams was coming by for him. We were all sitting in the living room. Grandpa was dozing in the big chair. I was doing hygiene, and Mother was knitting and talking to Hank.

"Did you go to see Aunt Betty?"

"Nope."

"Hank. And you promised me you would."

"Well, Mamma, I just didn't have time. I went off with Matt this morning. Besides, I wouldn't know what to say to her."

"That's the silliest thing I ever heard of. You've got a perfectly good mind. Anybody who can tell the pilot where to go can make conversation."

Grandpa opened his eyes. "Where did you and Matt go?"

"He had to make a call."

"That ain't what I asked you. I'll bet you went to Charlotte. It's dangerous business, riding around in cars. I'll bet he drives eighty miles an hour."

Hank laughed.

"It won't be funny when you land in some ditch with a broken neck. Your father'd be alive today if it wasn't for cars."

"But Grandpa, it wasn't Daddy's fault. Another car ran him off the road."

"It makes no difference whose fault it was. Dead is dead; and if he hadn't been in a car, it wouldn't have happened."

"Please, Hank," Mother said, "it doesn't do any good to argue."

That was when the Alberts came in. They live across the street, and they have a boy in the army too. They sat down, and Mrs. Albert examined the sweater Mother was working on and started talking about the bandage rolling room. Mr. Albert talked to Hank.

"How long was your leave?" he asked.

"I've been here ten days counting today."

"Well, well. That certainly is fine. You know, John, Jr., has been in two years, and he hasn't had a single furlough. I wrote and told him that he ought to pull a few strings. That's all this army is anyway. Just a lot of officers sitting up there dishing out orders. Don't you think so?"

There was a knock at the front door. Matt had come to get Hank. The Alberts said that it certainly was nice seeing Hank and wasn't it nice having him home. Mother said, "Yes, it certainly has been grand, and do come back."

There wasn't much time left. Matt took Hank's B-4 bag out to his car.

Hank kissed me and said, "Be good."

"Okay," I said.

Mother kissed him. "Let me know your new address as soon as you get there."

"Sure."

Grandpa and Hank shook hands. "You'd better watch and see they put your bags on the

(Continued on page 15)

PROPOSITION FOR PEACE

By ANGELA SNELL

The plans for a new world order which are emerging from the peace conferences have incited me to propose my plan for peace. I had not intended to present my plan, but things have reached such a state that I feel now is the time for intelligent action. The present peace plans run contrary to one of the fundamental laws of the universe, namely that the best results are achieved by following the line of least resistance. The present peace plans which aim to set up a world government are necessitating an expenditure of time and energy which is entirely useless. Just as a straight line is the shortest distance between two points except on the earth's surface where an arc is the shortest distance due to the curvature of the earth, the best results will be obtained by letting nature take its own course. Thus my peace plan, adopting a pragmatic viewpoint, purposes to deal with each problem as it arises. With the major problems solved, a world government becomes unnecessary.

The most important problem which will arise after the cessation of war will be what to do with Germany and Japan. Since military experts are reasonably certain that the war in Germany will terminate before that with Japan, Germany's fate must be dealt with first. According to my plan, the best solution to the German question is to flood Germany. This could be accomplished scientifically through the flooding of Holland. Critics of my plan might suggest that the Dutch might have some few objections to this method of flooding Germany. However, I feel that the Dutch would welcome the inundation of their country in order to rid the land of insects and bugs which destroy their crops. Also with the entire country flooded there would be a larger area on which the Dutch could skate during the winter, thus lessening the possibility of traffic accidents.

My plan to flood Germany has many obvious advantages. The countries surrounding Germany would surely benefit by my plan. With Germany covered by water the Poles would receive their long desired corridor to the sea. Denmark would also profit by this scheme in that Denmark, being completely surrounded by water, would have more space in which to fish, fishing being an important industry in Denmark.

However, the Germans living outside of Germany present a difficult problem. In the case of Austria the question arises whether Austria, because of the large proportion of Germans in its population, should be flooded along with Germany. Since Austria seemed only too willing to join with Germany in the *Anschluss* before the war, we should realize that the Austrians might desire to cast in their lot with that of the Germans. Therefore, following the most democratic procedures, we should allow the Austrians to decide

by means of a plebiscite whether they desire their country to be flooded. If the Austrians so desire, I am sure that we could find some way to give them satisfaction. The Sudetenland Germans in Czechoslovakia represent a more difficult problem. Since this minority group complained of its treatment by the Czechs, it should be allowed to share the fate of the Germans. The essential difficulty will arise in distinguishing the Germans from the Czechs because of the intermarriage which has taken place between the two nationalities. Scientific methods should be used to check and double check the extraction of both Czechs and Germans. All the inhabitants of the Sudetenland would be classified according to blondness and blue-eyedness, traits of the Nordic race. Also the inhabitants would be subjected to measurement to determine their cephalic indices. After these tests have been completed, it would be clear which of the Sudetenlanders are Germans. Those bearing German names would naturally be of German extraction. A further test possessing even more reliability would be to expose all Sudetenlanders to the German measles. Those Sudetenlanders who caught the measles would be Germans.

According to the law of compensation, it is obvious that an area of land corresponding in size to the area of Germany would rise from the ocean after Germany has been flooded. The land which undoubtedly would appear in the Atlantic Ocean might be Lost Atlantis. This recovered territory could be used to re-settle good Germans. It is not to be assumed that all Germans are in sympathy with the Fascist regime. The problem of determining the good Germans must be solved logically and scientifically. Battalions of physicians and psychologists would be recruited to administer physical and mental examinations to all Germans to discover those fittest both mentally and physically. The Germans would be classified according to height from one inch to twelve feet and weight from one pound to five hundred pounds. All Germans not possessing these specifications would automatically be eliminated. The mental tests would classify people from the level of idiot to genius. All Germans not falling in these categories would automatically be liquidated. A battery of personality tests would be administered to discover those Germans with sound political, religious, and social attitudes. The results of these tests would be recorded in triplicate on red, white, and blue paper. They would be filed away in a building constructed especially for the purpose. This building would be the only decagon with eleven sides in existence. When all these preparations have been concluded, Germany would be flooded and only those Germans whom God wills to be saved would

be saved. The Germans whom God in His infinite mercy has saved would be transported to the reclaimed country in the Atlantic. It has been estimated that it would take at least ten years to rid the land of the salt deposited there by the sea. The salt deposits might be removed by the importation of a large number of cows which would lick the salt. Thus the new country would become a dairying region. This would solve the United States' problem of Argentine beef because the United States would no longer have to worry about not buying Argentine beef—it could then worry about not buying Atlантиan beef.

One problem would arise in connection with the new land. Because of its position in the Atlantic Ocean, the new land would change the course of the Gulf Stream, thereby dispelling the fogs which cause much discomfort in England. However, it seems that the English are much attached to their fogs and would desire to migrate to the new country where the fogs would then appear. Some sort of lend-lease arrangement would have to be made whereby the Germans in Atlantis would lend the English their fog for several months of the year. It would be possible to dehydrate the fog in Atlantis and ship it to England for hydration. Since a large proportion of fog is composed of water, little shipping space would be needed to transport this commodity.

Another aspect must be mentioned before I turn to a discussion of what to do with Japan. The ocean would be prevented from flooding countries surrounding Germany by the use of dykes. The maintenance of these dykes would provide numerous opportunities for heroism on the part of ambitious people.

What to do with Japan is less of a problem than the disposal of the Germans. The solution in the case of the Japanese is suggested by the ancient Chinese legend which attributes the origin of the Japanese to Chinese who were chased from China to the Japanese Islands where they mated with the indigenous monkeys. Reversing this procedure, it would be possible to mate the present Japanese race with monkeys, thereby producing a superior species of monkey and an inferior type of human being. The Japanese created by this amalgamation with monkeys would have too little intelligence to be a threat to other races and enough intelligence to make excellent factory workers and common laborers. It is generally known that workers with an IQ corresponding to the level of the moron are best adjusted to their work. Monotony does not affect them, they enjoy routine work, and they seldom experience personality maladjustment. The creation of this new race would solve a number of problems. The food shortage would be solved in that the new race would eat only inexpensive food like coconuts and bananas. The clothing shortage would be prevented by the fact that the Japanese in their monkey-like state would no longer experience a need for clothes. With the new Japanese swinging by their tails from trees at night the housing situation would be alleviated.

The only real shortcoming in this plan is that there might be some difficulty in persuading the monkeys to mate with the Japanese. However, promises of a double-jointed thumb and more convolutions on the brain which would evolve might induce the monkeys to set aside any scruples they might have in breeding with the Japanese.

This treatment of the conquered peoples would serve as an object lesson to other nations. I have submitted my plan to Mr. Stalin, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Truman, and now I submit it to the peoples of the world, confident of its ultimate adoption.

RETURN

(Continued from page 13)

train. You can't afford to be traveling around the country without any clothes."

"Hank," Mother said. "Where are your medals? Did you leave them here?"

"They're upstairs in my drawer I think. Good-bye. I really had a swell time. I'll try to do better about writing. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Mother and I said together.

"Don't lose your wallet," Grandpa said.

We stood at the door and watched them drive off.

"Susan," Grandpa said, "be sure you lock the door and turn off the light."

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The Valour of Pavol Ivanovitch

(Continued from page 6)

do you? Sokolov liquidated, you harboring his widow. . . .

"Why did they shoot him, do you know?"

"Stop it, Fenya! Who am I to inquire? He was a traitor; he got his just deserts. Would you have me cross-examine the G.P.U.* But by harboring his widow. . . ."

"Hush, Pavol," my mother whispered fiercely. "She's right beyond there, asleep. I tell you she didn't want to come. She wouldn't impose herself, she said—but who knows when they will arrest her? Always the wife is next in line. And dear God! What has she done? For being the wife of a scholar. . . If you knew her, Pavol, she is so sweet, so innocent. . . ."

Pavol's face changed. "You are sweet too, my sister," he said slowly, "and very innocent. But evidently, it does not concern you that you are endangering the safety, not only of yourself, but of your family."

"But I. . . ."

"And what's more, you are befouling the reputation of your husband."

"Pavol! You've gone off your mind. He doesn't even know. . . ."

"But it does not sound so clean—does it—the wife of a government official shielding an enemy of that government?"

"An enemy! Are you joking? Anna Andreyevna is as harmless as. . . ."

"Perhaps. But the authorities may have a different interpretation."

"Are you threatening to denounce me?"

"I ought to whip you for that! You with your golden heart. Only one thing I must tell you: If you don't get rid of her, you are rid of me—for good."

"Pavol, no!" My mother's voice was on the edge of tears. "Please, no—where can she go? Without a permit, without connections. She hasn't even a bread card."

"Oh, Fenya, what can I do with you?" he cried impatiently. "You are a child. You would burden yourself with the misfortunes of the whole world."

My mother turned from him slowly and closed her eyes. "Pavol," she whispered, "dear—can't we be human just this once. . . believe in ourselves. . . . In your own heart, surely you know. . . ."

His jaws stayed tight. "I know nothing of the sort," he said. "Just this: I'll be back tomorrow. Then, either she is gone; or I go." Without another glance at us, he tore his coat off the rack and stormed out of the room.

My mother stood quite still, her hands pressed against her temples, as if she hadn't understood. Suddenly, she too reached for her coat, and began shouting, "Wait a minute, wait!" and running after him.

I was frightened. "I don't want to stay alone, Mama. It's late," I pleaded. But Mama brushed me off. "Go to your girl-friend Nina," she said, "go, I'll be back."

So I spent the night with Nina next door, and I cried a long time because I was confused and cold, and because Anna Andreyevna was innocent. . . But Pavol, our Pavol who had always been so kind, was so different now. His hands had always felt warm; could they be warm still? And what would Anna Andreyevna do out on the street? Such a thin old lady, a little babushka* in the winter time without a bread card, hopping like the sparrows for crumbs in the snow. . . .

I got up at dawn and went back to our apartment. Neither my mother nor Pavol had as yet returned, but I did not want to see them anyway. I wanted to see Anna Andreyevna. I wanted to tell her what a sweet guest she'd been; how glad I was my bed did fit her. I wanted to tell her she could always talk to me about her olden times, and about Gospodin Sokolov.

But Anna Andreyevna was gone. Her room was empty. It was such a small room, I could see at once it was empty; but I didn't want to believe it. I opened the wardrobe and looked inside. I lifted the bed spread and looked under the bed. Not a trace remained of Anna Andreyevna—nothing except her crocheting, the useless, beautiful lace lying unfinished on the table. I wouldn't believe it. I ran to the hall, down the steps, crying, "Anna Andreyevna!" I ran down to the courtyard, to the shack that was our toilet. I rattled on the door, but it was empty too. Everything was empty.

So I turned from the shack and began walking slowly across the yard. In the alley I felt a small, soft object under my foot. It was a frozen sparrow. I picked it up and breathed on it, but the body had gone stiff. It was quite dead. I brought it back with me to the room that had been Anna Andreyevna's and proceeded to change the bed linen. I spread her lace across the pillow, and on top of the lace I laid the sparrow. Carefully, smoothly, so that no one would suspect a bulge, I brought the cover over the bed. Then I sat down beside it to wait for Pavol and the greeting of the dead bird.

* Grandmother.

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ELLIE'S SATURDAY

(Continued from page 9)

house. She couldn't understand. Mama had been so shocked and 'Lisbeth Ann had really been interested. She'd just been curious. Ellie didn't know what reaction she wanted when she told people. She only knew that so far no one had behaved correctly.

Ellie leaned back against the rough brick pillow at the top of the steps and stretched her legs. She wondered if Uncle Joe knew what she was thinking. If Uncle Joe had had time to get to heaven, he could listen to all her thoughts and he wouldn't be shocked that Ellie had seen him die. "Ellie."

Mrs. Mac sat down on the top step. Ellie tried hard not to stare. Mrs. Mac didn't look as if she had been crying. People in movies wept when their husbands died, or they fainted. But Mrs. Mac only looked still and tired.

"I thought you'd like to know, Ellie, that Uncle Joe sent you a message this afternoon."

Ellie's middle twisted at Mrs. Mac's quiet voice. "Yes, ma'am."

"Joe said, Ellie, that he was sorry about the ball game, but he'd take you next Saturday."

Ellie was afraid to move in the stillness that followed. She hadn't begun to realize until now that she wouldn't see Uncle Joe again. But the tears were rising for another reason. Ellie didn't know why she had to swallow and swallow the hurt in her throat. One tear trickled down beside her nose but she didn't dare smear it away with Mrs. Mac sitting beside her.

"Are you crying, Ellie?"

"No, ma'am."

But once Ellie had spoken, the cry hiccougs forced themselves out, and Ellie felt Mrs. Mac's arm around her shoulders. Through a tear blur, Mrs. Mac's face was still immobile and calm. Maybe—maybe she could tell Mrs. Mac.

"Mrs. Mac, I—I"

"Yes, Ellie?"

"I was outside the window when I saw—when the doctor said what he did. I saw Uncle Joe die through the window." Ellie held her breath.

"Are you sure, Ellie?"

"Yes, ma'am. I saw him through the window." Mrs. Mac only tightened her arm across Ellie's shoulder. After a silence, she turned Ellie's face toward her and said, "Ellie, Uncle Joe will be

very disappointed about the ball game. Would you like to do something that would please him?"

Ellie nodded slowly.

"Let's pretend, Ellie, that you and Uncle Joe went to the game. And every time you remember the last time you saw Uncle Joe, you'll remember him at the stadium, cheering in the bleachers. Will you do that for Uncle Joe, Ellie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Mac rose and pinched off a dead blossom from the porch box of petunias before she went into the dim parlor. Ellie rubbed her eyes vigorously. Mrs. Mac had made everything different. For the first time that afternoon, Ellie relaxed inside. It hadn't been wrong to see what she saw or Mrs. Mac would have known. After all, Uncle Joe was Mrs. Mac's own husband. And Uncle Joe up in heaven probably thought that it was a very good idea to pretend that they'd gone to the game. Ellie wondered if Uncle Joe's teeth would have dropped out if they'd gone.

Ellie strolled to the driveway between the Mac's and 'Lisbeth Ann's. They just had time enough to go over and watch Buzz finish the lawn before supper.

THE CASEYS MEET NOBILITY

(Continued from page 11)

hold. Why be silly? they asked themselves—why, Pat doesn't mind.

But the idea persisted—Pat was nobility and should be treated as such. Try as they might, they could not relax with him and found themselves glancing furtively in his direction—yes, looks even tinged with awe. There was a nobleman in the Casey home. They found themselves speculating on his intelligence—on the way he sauntered from one room to the other—his apparent lack of concern—his kindly tolerance of the teasing of the children . . . weren't these the marks of the blueblood? Didn't they indicate superior qualities?

They took out the papers and gazed at them with admiration. The long list of facts about Pat—his real name, his place and date of birth, his parentage—these and many more biographical facts were listed.

Meanwhile, Pat stretched across the doorsill and paid little attention to any of them; for him the every-day schedule remained the same. Each day at ten he was let out of the house. He would

go on his routine tour of inspection, ridding the block of any other dogs. In the time he had spent with the Caseys, he had developed what could only be called a supreme technique. If he found another canine in his territory, he would grasp the scruff of the dog's neck in his teeth and shake him vigorously from side to side, then carry him to the corner just outside his self-appointed boundaries and drop him there. Then he would continue his round. When he had assured himself that his own private domain was just that, he would return to the house and emit one loud bark to inform the Caseys of his return. Someone would let him in and usually he would remain in the house until it was again time for him to "police the area" at four in the afternoon. Having gotten into the house, he would go from room to room, stopping by anyone who was there and remaining by his side until his presence was acknowledged by a pat on the head. He would go through the entire house like that until everyone knew he was back again, then he would return to Mrs. Casey and stay close to her for the remainder of the day.

Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Casey could stand it no longer and called a closed conference.

"Mom," Mr. Casey said decisively. "We've got to do something about this. Our home isn't our own any more."

"That's all very good, John Casey," she pronounced. "But just what is it that you're going to do?"

"H-m-m-m," deliberated Mr. Casey. "That's just what I've been wondering."

Mrs. Casey watched him closely. "You can't give him away—and you can't kill him. He's got to stay on, just as he is, and that's all there is to it. You did it, John Casey, when you brought him here. You and your fine notions! Now you can just suffer for it!"

"Dammit, woman!" he spluttered. "You can't throw all the blame on me like that and get away with it! How was I to know? He looked like an ordinary dog to me—can I help it if I wanted to do a little better for once and not have a mongrel in the house?"

Mrs. Casey just smiled. "Mongrel or no, John, he's here and he's going to have to stay . . . and that's the end of it. We'll just have to do the best we can."

But Mr. Casey's eyes had flickered. He gazed patronizingly at her and rose abruptly from his chair. He opened the door and strode into the dining room, where he had a chest. He jerked open a drawer and pulled out a long, imposing sheet of paper filled with typewritten data.

"Here's what I'm going to do," he announced, returning to the front room and standing before his wife. With an eloquent gesture, he ripped the paper in two, then tore it all into bits and

threw it into the wastebasket. "Now," he said triumphantly. "He ain't got no damned proof!"

He strode to the door and pulled it open. "Tommy!" he yelled. "Get that damn' dog in here and let's have a drink!"

PIXIES

Pixies? Walking in our yard?
Nonsense, boy, the ground's too hard.

They ride butterflies in the air?
You couldn't have seen a pixie there.

Their feet are much too tender for
All but the softest forest floor.

A fairy sitting 'neath our shed?
Then by now she's a fairy dead.

The tiny things can't stand the light.
They hide in the woods and await the night.

For one to know as little as you
About what the folk in the small world do

I'd be ashamed. Do you realize
Either you're ignorant, or you tell lies?

MARTYVONNE DEHONEY.

bile green
seasick grey
cracked edge
blackened clay
ugly colors
twisted shapes
lonely room
dusty drapes
then echoes
through the wall
thudding thump
of tennis ball

dry eyes
pensive soul
wandering feet
lacking goal
something sighing
in the dark
sadness cutting
quick and stark
through the night
thuds like a call
gay and restless
tennis ball

MARTYVONNE DEHONEY.

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